The Hiſtorie of *Henry the Fourth.*

Enter the King, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, Ear
Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pa
And breath ſhort winded accents of n
To be commen'ct in ſtronds a farre re
No mote the thirſtie entrance of this ſoile,
Shall daube her lips with her owne childrens bloo
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall well-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppoſ'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed Knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we leuie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wom
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,